

THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

How to Become an Electrical Engineer—Some Practical Hints.

GOT HER FOOT ON THE BUTTON.

Incandescent Lights—A Telephone Story—Electro-Plating the Dead—Electric Railways—Tall Chimney as Conductor.

"What course would you advise for a young man who wishes to be a first-class electrical engineer?" an amateur asked of a well-known scientist.

"I would advise you to pursue the studies of one of the leading technical schools in this country, paying strict attention to mechanical engineering. Next a year's study abroad in one or more of the polytechnic schools. During the entire course time should be spent on no means neglecting practice in mechanical branches. Thereafter, combine shop work with practical and theoretical study."

It is a common fact in the scientific schools to burden the student's mind with description of machinery and processes now entirely out of date, on account of the progress in the arts and sciences. The mind is taxed to remember A's machine, and B's process, and O's method, and the student is weary of the method, and the purpose in view which brought to light all this is entirely lost sight of.

On graduating, he finds himself obliged to give an answer to the question, "What course would you advise for a young man who wishes to be a first-class electrical engineer?" an amateur asked of a well-known scientist.

He has not learned to rely on himself, or had practice in adapting means to ends, mechanically speaking. When he first began scientific study, the methods and processes suggested themselves to his mind. Some, perhaps, were foolish; the rest may have been impracticable, and occasionally one of some merit. The instructor, already overworked, has cynically smiled at him; his courage is gone, and he is now content to be fed on the husks of old harvests.

The exhibition was held just ten years ago yesterday. The voices from New Haven and Middletown were let loose in the opera house hall, and heard, though not very clearly. Conversation between parts of the room were carried on through long coils of wire, and the fact was made clear the curious game of calling things by their names, which is the object of the telephone, which will be held simultaneously in all parts of both New Haven and Hartford opera houses. Opportunities will be given in attendance in New Haven.

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for illuminating vehicles, weighing nearly two tons. Twelve lights can be kept burning for a week, or for twenty-four hours at a cost of \$8.63. The light is very pure and white, and, in hue, total, unlike the yellowish color of the ordinary incandescent light, in which the electric current derives its dynamo.

The car in question was lit when the train started. It arrived at Albany at 10 p. m., and restarted on its trip back to New York at 11 a. m., reaching the forty-second street depot at 7 o'clock. All this time, including the four hours' detention at Albany, the light was burning with undimmed luster. In the car, to witness the experiment, were Wm. W. French, Dr. E. M. Kellogg, and about a dozen representatives of the press.

A company has been formed to work with the inventor, under the title of the Household Electric Manufacturing company, of No. 18 Dey street, New York. It is the intention of the company to apply the batteries to a variety of domestic uses. The inventor, however, the test was eminently satisfactory.

A Story of the Telephone. Hartford (Conn.) Courant: Not over two years ago there was a little amateurish entertainment of a new and curious kind given in this city at the opera house. Many people believed that the advance stories of the thing must be gross exaggeration. Those who commented on the laugh at the whole notion, and these regarded as among the most amusing details of the performance when it came about the seriousness and zeal of those who were engaged in the work. We can recall a few, a very few, who pronounced it one of the wonders of the world, but they made a very small minority. Here is a copy of the "dodger" or illustrative of the receiving and transmitting vocal sounds to and from New Haven opera house. Vocal and instrumental music to be transmitted by telephone, and the method which will be held simultaneously in all parts of both New Haven and Hartford opera houses. Opportunities will be given in attendance in New Haven.

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SOME HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Men Who Make Home Happy by Appreciation of the Wife's Labors.

MARRIAGE IN NEW GUINEA.

Discontented Wives—Enduring Love—Cupid's Pranks With a Merry Maid—The Bridegroom of Bengal.

The Baby. Who makes the home of the poor man so bright? Who fills the palace of wealth with such light? Who, when you kiss him, will give you a bite? The baby.

Who in one moment can laugh and cry? Who at the same time can yield and defy? Who is it one can't but love, though he try? The baby.

Who has opinions which no one gainsays? Who naught pranks with impunity plays? Who is the monarch of his universe? The baby.

Some Hints to Husbands. One often reads or hears it said, writes Clara de Vere in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, that the peace and happiness of the household depend upon the wife or mother. This assertion is not strictly true. As the mother is or should be with her children more, her influence is greater than any man's else; but does not the father, by his example and counteract that influence? Children, says the Golden Rule, are close observers, and are apt imitators of their elders. When the father is addicted to the habit of fault-finding, or meddling in regard to the food set before him at meal time, and the weary, discouraged wife, in the vain attempt to do better, her reputation as cook and housewife is marred, then the children of the family will be listeners to an angry tirade, or what is worse, a quarrel, if the mother has not complete control of her temper; when she is unable to keep her own example set before them, and discord will reign in the family. That is not an attractive picture of home life, yet in some families such a scene is enacted almost daily. The father, who should be the happiness of wives and children by fault-finding, and surely they add nothing to their own peace of mind by indulging in it. It is just as much the husband's duty to sit down at the table, and eat his food with a sunny face, and make the best of the food set before him, as it is the wife's duty to keep the house in order and prepare the meals regularly.

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Who has opinions which no one gainsays? Who naught pranks with impunity plays? Who is the monarch of his universe? The baby.

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SOME HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Men Who Make Home Happy by Appreciation of the Wife's Labors.

MARRIAGE IN NEW GUINEA.

Discontented Wives—Enduring Love—Cupid's Pranks With a Merry Maid—The Bridegroom of Bengal.

The Baby. Who makes the home of the poor man so bright? Who fills the palace of wealth with such light? Who, when you kiss him, will give you a bite? The baby.

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Some Hints to Husbands. One often reads or hears it said, writes Clara de Vere in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, that the peace and happiness of the household depend upon the wife or mother. This assertion is not strictly true. As the mother is or should be with her children more, her influence is greater than any man's else; but does not the father, by his example and counteract that influence? Children, says the Golden Rule, are close observers, and are apt imitators of their elders. When the father is addicted to the habit of fault-finding, or meddling in regard to the food set before him at meal time, and the weary, discouraged wife, in the vain attempt to do better, her reputation as cook and housewife is marred, then the children of the family will be listeners to an angry tirade, or what is worse, a quarrel, if the mother has not complete control of her temper; when she is unable to keep her own example set before them, and discord will reign in the family. That is not an attractive picture of home life, yet in some families such a scene is enacted almost daily. The father, who should be the happiness of wives and children by fault-finding, and surely they add nothing to their own peace of mind by indulging in it. It is just as much the husband's duty to sit down at the table, and eat his food with a sunny face, and make the best of the food set before him, as it is the wife's duty to keep the house in order and prepare the meals regularly.

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